



Brittle Stevens

FULL

#2

\$3.95



Written by BRINKE STEVENS - Layout and design by HUGH GALLAGHER

*This book is lovingly dedicated to my parents and all  
my loyal fans, because I couldn't have done it  
without you...*

*Brinke Stevens*

I would like to express my gratitude for the cooperation of BRINKE STEVENS, to make this issue of FOCUS possible. Where the expression Beauty and Brains' must have been coined - Brinke has used her alluring attributes to open many doors, but her intelligence has insured her a strong foothold in an ever changing business. Beautiful, sweet, and just a truly nice person. I wish Brinke all the best... Hugh Gallagher.

I was born into the huge "Baby Boom" generation of the 1950's. It was that intensely frightening Cold War era, when families built bomb shelters in their backyards. School children were taught to hide under their desks, huddle in a tight ball, and wait for the drill-practice air raid sirens to stop wailing -- or else to suddenly die in a brilliant plutonium nightmare.

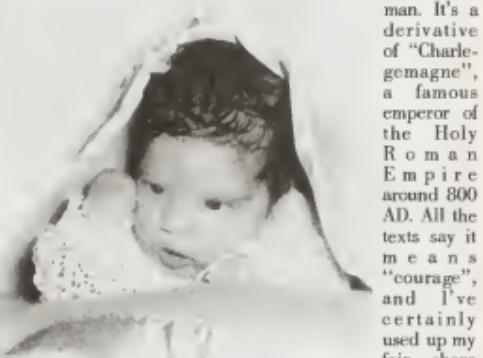
At any moment, we knew we might have only 30 minutes left to live, if the Communists should decide to launch "the Bomb" on us. It was a terrifying time period to grow up, and it probably etched a

deep scar on our impressionable young psyches. Personally, I grew up slightly obsessed with death and horror.

A decade prior, my dad-to-be was stationed at an Army base in San Francisco, California, and his beautiful wife Lorraine riveted bolts on WWII aircraft. Later, they resettled near San Diego, CA, where he eventually became a master carpenter. As my mother-to-be approached

forty years of age, she was rather resigned to their childless state. Needless to say, I was a big surprise for them!

Had I been a boy, they would have named me Charles Brinkman III, after my father and grandfather. Fortunately, they opted for a more feminine version, "Charlene" Elisabeth Brinkman.



*Charlene Elisabeth Brinkman*

brinkman. It's a derivative of "Charlegemagne", a famous emperor of the Holy Roman Empire around 800 AD. All the texts say it means "courage", and I've certainly used up my fair share of that grace.

There was a Mongolian relative somewhere in our family tree, who blessed me with exotic eyes and dark hair. Most of my family reflects our Germanic heritage; they're six feet tall, blond haired and blue-eyed. When my mom strolled me around as a baby, she said folks would look at me and exclaim, "Oh, how sweet! You've adopted a Korean orphan!" Two years later, I was followed by a

planned sibling, Kerry Charles. He's now a top-level chemist for the oil industry in Texas.

We took up roots in a small mountain town called Crest, once an old stagecoach stop a century ago. It was twenty miles outside of San Diego, and just about as far "ends of the earth" as you could possibly imagine! It took an hour and a half for the school bus to make its rounds each day, stopping at all the isolated farms and ranches. Maybe four hundred people lived in the area. My mother called them "Hoosiers", since all the poor children ran around barefoot, and everyone had chickens and horses.

I cannot say I was a happy child. Convinced I'd been dropped off by

extraterrestrials -- who undoubtedly would return for me someday, I hoped -- I felt terribly alienated from my rural counterparts. I came from good stock, yet it's an unfor-

givable sin to be deemed smarter than your peers. Their hostile whispers were accompanied by cries of "teacher's pet!", as my books were repeatedly dumped into trash cans. After I discovered the joys of sci-fi and fantasy

literature at age eight, I was doubly condemned.

So, I simply learned how to glorify it. I became known as the weirdest kid at school ... and I was also the loneliest one. When the original STAR TREK came on in the mid-1960's, I blunt-cut my bangs and shaved my eyebrows to

*Kindergarten (age 5)*



*Starting to create my femme fatale look (age 18).*



look just like Mr. Spock. (Later, in college, I discovered a core group of Trekkies -- strange kids who were just like me! It was pure fandom that helped get me through those trying times, believe me.)

When I was nine, I begged my parents to buy me a microscope and dissecting kit. Apart from scraping off my own cells with a toothpick and examining them under the lens, I also developed a fondness for road kill. I would search the country back roads for dead rabbits, gophers, squirrels, and mice to add to my biology collection. At some point, I fell in love with paleontology and spent my afternoons looking for sea fossils in the local hills. My first (and only) big run-in with the law occurred in third grade, when a cruising sheriff warned me to stop climbing the dangerously steep, cut-away roadsides near my home.

Inspired by science fiction books, my ultimate childhood dream was to be a xenobiologist -- the first woman on a spaceship to study alien life forms. But by age twelve, I realized the space program wasn't keeping up with my own ambitions. Instead, I opted for oceanography, exploring the earth's last unknown frontier.

Since high school, my overriding aim was to study dolphin communication. Their innate intelligence is undisputed, and to me they represented a true alien species on earth. I immersed myself in Dr. John Lilly's prior research, a man who tried to teach them to speak

English through their blowholes. By the time I enrolled at San Diego State University, however, Lilly had been totally discredited for giving LSD to his marine mammals. For me, it then became an even tougher row to hoe... dolphin research was now a very controversial subject.

Undaunted, I double-majored in biology and psychology at SDSU, with a slant toward animal behavior. I also learned seven foreign languages, intending to make "Delphinese" my eighth one. My grades and qualifications were so exceptional that Scripps Institute of Oceanography had to accept me -- in fact, I was the only marine biology graduate student they admitted that year. (After all, I had a 4.0 GPA, near-perfect SAT scores, and some powerful letters of recommendation.)

My problems started the precise moment I announced my cherished plans. Administrators flatly informed me that San Diego was the hub of the tuna fishing industry, which was killing 1,000 dolphins a day in their nets. It was also home to the Navy and all of their secret dolphin research (... like strapping bombs on their backs, I imagined). The fact was, nobody wanted to chat with dolphins; otherwise they'd have to feel very guilty about slaughtering them. I was told in no uncertain terms to forget all about dolphin communication experiments... or else.

Foolishly, perhaps, I chose to ignore their stern warnings. After studying the vision of seals for two

Scripps  
Institute of  
Oceanogra-  
phy La  
Jolla, CA  
(age: 23)

I got my  
Masters  
degree  
studying the  
vision of  
seals. This  
is "Tricia",  
one of my  
six subjects.  
She went on  
to become a  
star at SEA  
WORLD.



years, I grew somewhat bored. Seals and sea lions are smart animals, rather like cats -- selectively affectionate, but they'd quickly sell their mother for a bucket of mackerel. I'm convinced only two planetary species actually have "souls" -- humans and cetaceans (whales & dolphins). I yearned to follow my true heart's desire, and it suddenly dropped into my lap at Sea World, where I was currently doing volunteer work in the research department. Two baby dolphins had just been born, and they were put into a small tank right outside my office door. Unable to resist that timely temptation, I spent the next six months doing my own personal research on those delightful baby mammals.

Somehow, Scripps Institute found out about my illicit dolphin project at Sea World. One day, I received a

mysterious summons from the top administrators. As I stood there, my heart pounding with fear, they coldly said, "It would have been safer if you'd stuck with guppies. You cannot stay here any longer." And with that proclamation, I was thus kicked out of graduate school with a Masters degree in marine biology.

My whole world was abruptly shattered. Now I was barred from getting my Ph.D., and hence my promising future as an oceanographer was supremely restricted. It was the ugliest, most devastating failure I'd so far experienced in my well-planned life, and I just wanted to curl up and die there.

Nevertheless, I valiantly stayed in San Diego for another two years. My first job was doing ecological research for National Marine Fisheries, studying ozone layer deple-

tion. Back in the late-1970's scientists had first begun to suspect that aerosol sprays were eroding the earth's protective atmosphere, allowing for increased ultraviolet radiation. Our small group was among the first staunch pioneers in that area, and I was proud to be right there at the forefront of a significant environmental movement.

We discovered that a tiny increase in UV radiation would result in a massive death-rate for fish in the world's oceans. Stunned, we tried to make all the major industrial companies (Dow Chemical, DuPont, etc.) aware of our shocking findings. But I soon learned our government and Big Business were evidently sleeping together, so to speak... and absolutely nobody cared about our planet's ecological future. [Fifteen years later, you must realize,

there's an enormous gaping hole in our ozone layer, and it's gradually drifting towards North America. In another two decades, please don't even think about going outside without a sunblock protection of at least SP 350!]

When I left there, sadly disillusioned, I was hired to do an environmental impact study on San Onofre nuclear power plant. Every week, I spent three long days and nights aboard a ship, working the hydraulic winch and hauling up net-tows of fish off the California

coast. We would take the specimens back to our laboratory and study them for abnormalities. I was the only woman among a crew of six or seven seamen...but you could hardly tell my sex, bundled up under all the foul-weather gear and rubber hip-boots. Afraid we might actually find some significant pro-



*The Scientist (age 24) -- Having a Masters Degree in marine biology, I worked two years as an environmental consultant for a nuclear plant near San Diego, CA.*

blems, San Onofre's staff abruptly terminated us long before our 5-year study was completed. Over a decade later, all sorts of nasty ecological facts about this nuclear power plant have been revealed.

After twice running headlong into massive corporate greed and environmental ruthlessness, I was quite dismayed. It was getting harder to find science jobs, because our government had begun to divert research funds into the construction of "star wars" military weapons. Unable to find work, I spent a fantastic, eye-opening summer touring around Europe... and I desperately tried to figure out what to do next. The answer came in the form of a marriage proposal. My longtime sweetheart, Dave Stevens (whom I'd met in a comic book club at college), had recently moved to Hollywood. He landed a well-paying artist job, doing story boards for Steven Spielberg on "Raiders of the Lost Ark", and now he wanted me to join him as his wife. In 1980, I sold everything I owned and moved to Los Angeles to start a brand new life. I added "Stevens" as my last name and shortened the rest to "Brinie", my favorite nickname ever since grade school. [My good pal Forry Ackerman was the only one who preferred "Charlene Elisabeth", saying "brink" was the sound of breaking glass!!]

While we were together, Dave Stevens was busily developing "The Rocketeer" comic book. I posed for all of his Betty drawings, as well as

many of his other characters. Besides modeling for my husband, I also tried in vain to find a science-related job in Los Angeles. That soon became a major source of conflict between us; he wanted me to be only a housewife, and I wished to pursue my own career. He moved out suddenly one day, leaving me feeling wretchedly devastated for the second time in my life. I had been uprooted from my family, friends, and home in San Diego; and I was now abandoned in an unfamiliar city. I had absolutely no source of income, and he'd left me with an empty expensive apartment whose rent I couldn't afford. It was certainly another very challenging time!

However, it was precisely the motivation I needed to launch my new career move in Tinseltown. I'd previously done some photo modeling and stage dancing at comic book conventions in San Diego. Armed with that amateur experience, I boldly decided to become a print model. I immediately found many available jobs -- wearing ski clothes, eye glasses, and costume jewelry, for example. Having very few inhibitions, I also did some early sexy layouts for OUI, PLAYBOY, and PENTHOUSE magazines. It was a joy to slowly discover my own beauty and sensuality, since I'd been viewed as such a plain, nerdy girl all my life.

Never in my wildest dreams did I ever consider becoming an actress. It was a total serendipitous acci-



Dancing to AJ Stewart's "Pandora" (performed at San Diego Comic Con, 1982).

dent. Shortly after my divorce, I was pounding the pavement looking for modeling work to support myself. One day, I'd booked a late-afternoon appointment at a local advertising agency. But they'd forgotten all about it and had gone home early. As I trudged away, dejected and forlorn, I happened to pass a wide-open office door. Brightly colored movie posters on the wall caught my eye, and I lingered in the doorway to gape at them. Seated behind a cluttered desk, a gruff man abruptly called out, "C'mere, you! Show me what you've got."

Flushed with embarrassment, I



Playboy shoot called "Flashdancers" (1984).

Over the next several years, that same casting director booked me as a "extra" in about a hundred films, where I'm visible for only a split-second, if at all. (Which earned me the affectionate label of "Don't-blink-Brinke!" among my close friends.) I was also cast in countless cinematic shower scenes (like "Private School" and "Fatal Games") and an occasional body-doubling role (such as for Diana Scarwid in "Psycho III"), since those were the hefty paychecks that kept me afloat as a struggling actress in Hollywood.

The turning point was a satirical slasher movie, Roger Corman's "Slumber Party Massacre" (1982). I played a hapless teenage victim (#2 amongst a dozen!) of a psycho driller-killer. It was my first big speaking role, plus the first time I ever screamed and then died horribly on film. Prior, I'd never regarded myself as a legitimate actress. It was just a lark, after all, until I could find a decent scientist job. I figured I'd just keep doing it until somebody yelled, "Hey, you! You're not a real actress! Get outta here!" But nobody ever did. Later, as I watched my exciting big-screen death throes in "SPM", I suspected I could become a very good actress ... and now I suddenly wanted it!

It took about five years to reach my goal. I worked constantly, doing many minor parts in major movies for such stellar directors as Bob Fosse ("Star 80"), Rob Reiner ("Spinal Tap"), John Landis ("Three Amigos"), Anthony Perkins

("Psycho III"), Brian De Palma ("Body Double"), and Jerry Zucker ("Naked Gun"). As well, my PLAYBOY-channel video erotica was garnering me a small but loyal following. I was astonished to suddenly start getting admiring fan mail!

Around 1987, two fabulous gentlemen were responsible for creating me as a popular "Scream Queen": Fred Olen Ray and David De Couteau. The vast bulk of my horror movie work was produced and directed by these prolific independent filmmakers, and I owe them a great debt of gratitude. De Couteau transformed me from a college nerd into a dangerous vixen in "Nightmare Sisters" -- and had me ripped apart by demons in the B-movie classic "Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-A-Rama". Later, he gave me my first golden opportunity to be a co-producer on "Shock Cinema", a four-volume horror documentary series.

Fred Olen Ray added me to his "team" of regular players between 1988 and 1990. He cast me in "Warlords", "Mob Boss", "Haunting Fear", "Bad Girls From Mars", "Spirits", and "Teenage Exorcist" -- for which he also let me write the screenplay. Thanks to his strong faith in me, Fred pushed me into taking much greater risks as an actress. In fact, "Haunting Fear" stands out as my singular best dramatic work to date. In it, I play a tormented housewife whose uncaring husband buries her alive in the cellar ... and then she turns into a bloody homicidal maniac!



"Haunting Fear"

Soon, I became renown for my intense ability to portray a Jekyll-and-Hyde switch. Producers would hire me for those innocent, pretty roles that required a sudden transformation into a hideous monster. In many of my horror films, I start out fairly normal and abruptly change into something else — either get possessed by demons, slowly go insane, or turn into a blood-sucking vampire. Personally, I've rather enjoyed this bizarre bout with schizophrenia!

It's essential to see this late-1980's B-movie boom in its proper context. A decade earlier, drive-in theaters were the primary market for such films -- as the second billing, labeled "B" instead of "A"-grade fare. With the demise of drive-ins came the spectacular rise of VHS home video technology -- and suddenly every new small-town video store had lots of empty shelves to fill. The audience demand was truly awesome. It thus became a brand new feeding frenzy in Hollywood, a summons to rapidly churn out made-for-video fodder for home viewing.

All of a sudden, those sexy horror actresses were a really happening thing. Myself, Linnea Quigley, and Michelle Bauer undoubtedly comprised the initial wave of such modern femmes fatales. Quickly, I went from a mere actress to a media darling, now billed as a "Scream Queen". All over the country, fan conventions were booking me as an honored guest. Tabloid news programs and TV

talk-shows were eager to feature me. I appeared on "Hard Copy", "Entertainment Tonight", CNN, NBC news, Sci-Fi "Buzz", E-channel's "Talk Soup", "Jenny Jones", "Vicki!", Morton Downey, Jr., show, and Joe Bob Briggs' "Drive-In Theater". They wanted me to act as a spokesperson for the whole erotic-horror genre.

Squarely into the 1990's now, certain media fads have irrevocably changed. All the video store shelves have long been filled, and few independent producers want to risk their hard-earned savings on "B"-movies anymore. Since it was nearly impossible for me to break into bigger budget "A"-movies as a star (due to an unrelenting prejudice in Hollywood), I decided to expand my career laterally. I gradually moved behind the camera, gaining more experience as a writer, director, and producer.

In the mid-1980's, I was a staff journalist and editorial mascot for "Monsterland" magazine. I worked there for a year and graced three of their covers, while making many public appearances as the sassy vampiric "Evila". Also, I did a one-year stint as Production Executive and fiction writer for "Weird Tales" magazine in 1984. After selling my first three screenplays (two of which were produced), I continued my journalism career for such genre publications as "Femme Fatales", "Horrorfan", "Scream Queens Illustrated", and "Footsteps". Now, I'm garnering a good reputation as an erotic-horror fic-

tion writer for anthologies like Gelb & Garrett's sensual "Hot Blood" series.

Currently, I'm promoting my own fantasy comic book, "Brinke of Eternity". It has a good ecology message, and it features me as a sexy galactic assassin. I have a trunkload of other merchandise spin-offs like a model kit, trading cards, calendars, fine art prints, and so on. I was probably the first actress in history to start personally controlling her own publicity, available photographs, and career moves. Tagged as a "Scream Queen", I've managed to transform low-budget quickies into a whole

new professional arena, and I surely paved the way for many other young women to make a decent living as "B"-movie cult figures.

But the truth is, none of us would've succeeded without our devoted fans. I've met tens of thousands of horror aficionados around the world; and they're all been smart, interesting, friendly people. In every way, my loving fans make me feel like a genuine "Queen"...and I can't possibly thank you enough for your support and loyalty. May you live long and prosper!





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## BRINKE STEVENS FILMOGRAPHY

Acting on Impulse (1993)  
Attack of the B-Movie Monster (1985)  
Bad Girls from Mars (1990)  
Body Double (1984) [non-speaking]  
Chinatown Connection (1988)  
Dark Romances (1991)  
Emmanuelle 4 (1984)  
Fatal Games (1984) [non-speaking]  
Forgotten Ones, The (1984)  
Girls of Penthouse (1984)  
Grandmother's House (1988)  
Haunting Fear (1990)  
Jigsaw Murders, The (1988) [non-speaking]  
Man Who Wasn't There, The (1983)  
Mob Boss (1990)  
Monsters & Maniacs (1988)  
Munchies (1992)  
Murder Weapon (1990) [scene from "Nightmare Sisters"]  
Naked Gun, The (1990) [non-speaking]  
Nightmare Sisters (1987)  
Phantom of the Mall (1988) [non-speaking]  
Playboy Video Magazine, Vols. 1,4,5 (1983)  
Private Collection, Vols. 1 & 2 (1992/94)  
Private School (1983) [non-speaking]  
Psycho III (1986) [body double]  
Red Hot Rock (1984)  
Roots of Evil (1991)  
Scream Queen Hot Tub Party (1991)  
Shadows in the City (1991)  
Shock Cinema (1991)  
Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity (1987)  
Slumber Party Massacre (1982)  
Sole Survivor (1982)  
Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-a-rama (1988)  
Spirits (1991)  
Teenage Exorcist (1991)  
This Is Spinal Tap (1983) [non-speaking]  
Three Amigos (1986) [non-speaking]  
Transylvania Twist (1990)  
Warlords (1988)  
Witching, The (1983) [non-speaking]



## BRINKE STEVENS PUBLICATION LIST

Famous Monsters #115/April  
1975 #176/August 1981  
#202/Nov.  
1993

Penthouse  
July 1982

"Girls of Penthouse"  
July/Aug 1988  
(repeat)

Oui July  
1981  
September  
1983

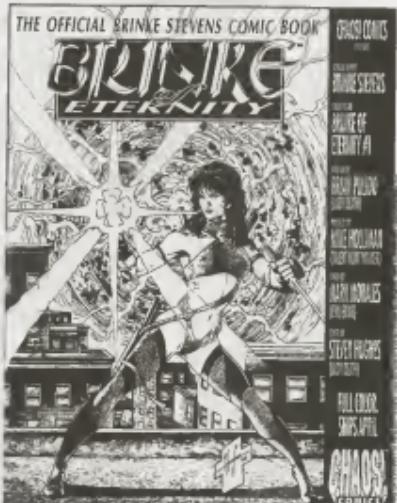
Genesis  
August  
1983  
January  
1984

Gallery  
June 1984

Australian  
Playboy  
February  
1983

Playboy  
magazine  
March  
1983 January 1985

Playboy specials "Entertaining  
Women" Nov. '85 "Blondes,  
Brunettes" Feb. '90 "Wet & Wild"



Women" Dec. '90

Scream Queens #33/July 1991  
(Elvira  
cover)

Monsterland - 3  
issues  
1986-87

Prevue  
April 1990

Fangoria  
Horror  
Spect #4/  
October  
1991

Horrorfan  
Winter  
1989

Cinefantastique  
August  
1991

Femmes  
Fatales  
#1,2,3,5,6/  
1992-94

Entertain-  
ment  
Weekly

Jan. 17th, 1992

Scream Queens Illustrated  
#1/October 1993

Draculina #18, 1994







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*Left: "Zyak Is King" (USC student film, 1981) -- My first speaking role, as the barbarian witch Sura.*

*Above: Pre- "Evila" hostess for CCTV's Midnight Movies (1983).*



*ON THE BRINK* – Photo shoot for Peter B. Kaplan in New York City (1989). It was 24 degrees outside on a freezing cold December day. Just for the hell of it, I posed naked during rush hour at Times Square on some precarious perches. And I'll never do it again!

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## FILM COMMENTS:

**ACTING ON IMPULSE** (1993) -- Shortly after director Sam Irvin had completed his first film, **GUILTY AS CHARGED**, I sent him my lavish PR package to get him better acquainted with me. When he went into pre-production on his next picture, **ACTING ON IMPULSE**, he apparently handed my information to a writer and told him to pattern the lead female character after me. As a result, "Susan Giddes" is supposed to be Hollywood's reigning Scream Queen. She drives a black '54 convertible (I drive a black '56 T-Bird convertible) and carries leopard-print luggage (as I do), dresses in sexy black clothes and screams a lot in B-movies. When it came time to cast the film, however, the executive producers felt I wasn't a big enough star to play myself! So actress Linda Fiorentino (**AFTER HOURS**) was hired for the role. Sam asked me to do a special guest cameo as a cocktail waitress who serves Linda, Nancy Allen, and C. Thomas Howell. He genuinely thought my fans would appreciate the irony of seeing the real Scream Queen face-to-face with the cinematic one. In retrospect, Linda Fiorentino lent her own bawdy flair to the role and did a magnificent job. (But I dubbed all of her screams for that movie!)

**ATTACK OF THE B-MOVIE MONSTER** (1985) -- Writer Ted Newsom called up and asked if I'd like to work for a whole month on this ultra-low-budget film for no salary at all. I told him to go jump in a pit of quicksand. Then he mentioned he'd written the part of a smart, sexy scientist exclusively for me. Okay, so I'm a sucker for flattery! We shot it on Super-8 at a local college on week-

ends. All of the famous horror stars of the 1950's have cameo appearances, and it's truly the most hilarious spoof of those bad '50's monster movies that I've ever seen!

**BAD GIRLS FROM MARS** (1990) -- I was already a big fan of Edy Williams (**BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS**), and I actually got to kiss her in this action-comedy film! (Hey guys, eat your hearts out!) I played a homicidal transsexual who was formerly her boyfriend ... and later becomes a female wardrobe & makeup artist. After I kill off a slew of leading ladies on a movie set -- just so Edy can get that coveted role herself -- I finally get blown up with a hand grenade stuck in my mouth. I loved doing comedy for a change! Director Fred Olen Ray also had me do lots of campy "cheesecake" scenes, like stripping and whip dancing. Unfortunately, much of this outrageousness was censored from the video store release. [But it's not lost forever! My "PRIVATE COLLECTION VOL. 1" tape features three of those censored scenes.]

**BODY DOUBLE** (1984) -- Three different agents called me to audition for this big-budget film, and I kept turning it down. Although I'd enjoyed De Palma's earlier works (especially **PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE** & **CARRIE**), I was a little leery about his latest project, **BODY DOUBLE** (which was rumored to border on an X-rating). When a fourth agent begged me to try out, I finally relented. I had a pleasant half-hour meeting with De Palma in his studio-lot trailer, and he said he definitely wanted me involved in it. At that time, however, he had no specific part in mind for me. So for an

entire week, I showed up at the studio and waited to hear what improvisational plans he had for me that day. I ended up in various movie-within-a-movie scenes, sometimes far in the background behind Melanie Griffith and Craig Wasson. Although I'm not greatly visible, I was thrilled to work closely with such a master filmmaker.

**CHINATOWN CONNECTION** (1988) -- This karate-action film was directed by Jean-Paul Ouellette, who had worked with me on the first "GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE" video in 1983. (Later, he was writer-producer-director of two H.P. Lovecraft horror

movies.) I shot for two days, playing a pregnant half-Asian wife of kung fu cop Bruce Li. Originally, I was supposed to get kidnapped, tortured, and ultimately lose my baby. But the producers evidently thought it was too mean-spirited, so all of my traumatic scenes were cut out of the script. Now,

you only can see me serving beer and hamburgers to my husband's cop-buddies, and repainting the nursery at home!

**DARK ROMANCES** (1991) -- An intriguing erotic-horror anthology of seven stories. I play the connecting link between them all -- when I do show up, you can bet bad things will happen! Quite an ambitious effort on a shoestring budget, it was shot over a couple of years. It was fun portraying an immortal seductress who finally suffers by her many angry victims.

**EMMANUELLE 4** (1984) -- I was so excited by the first two **Sylvia Kristal** **EMMANUELLE** films! But finally working with her proved to be rather difficult, due to her apparent personal problems at that time. She was never really "there" for her coworkers, and it was largely impossible to connect with her. This fourth sequel



was shot in Los Angeles, France, and South America. I mostly appeared in a short fantasy sequence with Sylvia herself, where she's tutoring me about how to intimately touch a man. For some dumb reason, my voice was dubbed by another actress in the final movie. (If you have sharp eyes, you may also see me in a ballroom scene dancing with the film's short French director.)

**FATAL GAMES** (1984) -- I only worked one day on a shower scene here. I believe it was an erotic thriller about a serial killer at the Olympic games. I've never seen this film myself, and I didn't even know its title until I read it in "THE BARE FACTS VIDEO GUIDE".

**FORGOTTEN ONES, THE** (1984) -- A movie I've only seen once at a theatrical screening! (If it was ever released on video, I'm not aware of it.) I play a kung fu lord's mistress, and I do remember a hot bubble bath scene in particular. Their cheap camera was so loud that they had to dub my voice later -- I think an Oriental woman did it, since I'm speaking English with a clear Japanese accent.

**GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE** (1984) -- I did an elaborate audition for this project [refer to my "PRIVATE COLLECTION VOL. 2" video]. Ultimately, the executive producer Bob Guccione said my breasts were too small for me to have a starring role, but I was cast in a minor part anyway. I play a college girl who spends the entire sequence searching through a ghost town for her gal-pal, who's meantime being seduced by a ghostly outlaw in the local saloon.

**GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE** (1988) -- I was running late for my first audition, after an all-day commercial

shoot for Pacific Bell as a perky teenager. When I dashed into the casting office, I heard I was supposed to look over 40 years old! I quickly yanked my hair out of a ponytail, rubbed off my make-up, and donned a ragged old coat that I kept in my car trunk. They liked me enough to call me back another four times. I applied ever more greyish Streaks-&-Tips to my hair, until they finally believed I could portray the mother of two teenagers. We shot for 1-1/2 months in the nearby desert town of Redlands (which the locals called "Deadlands" -- you can just imagine how much fun it was!). I play an escapee from a mental hospital who's looking for her two kids -- and she has a distinct homicidal bent. I did a lot of my own stunts (and was severely injured at least once), because none of the stunt people looked enough like me to be believable. It was a very hard shoot, but it's quite an unusual movie -- a frightening horror story told in broad daylight. Although I don't speak too much in it, I consider it one of my scariest performances. It definitely has lots of "atmosphere"!

**HAUNTING FEAR** (1990) -- When Fred Olen Ray first showed this script to his executive producers, they immediately pegged me for the minor role of a sexy secretary. However, Fred insisted I try out for the leading lady, a tormented housewife whose cheating husband buries her alive in the basement. (It's loosely based on Edgar Allan Poe's "Premature Burial" story... and I'm basically playing Ray Milland's part from a prior film.) It was fascinating to slowly go insane and become a homicidal maniac! We're hoping to do a sequel eventually, where I reprise my role of the bloody misfit Victoria, who's trapped by her own horrendous nightmares.



**JIGSAW MURDERS, THE** (1988) -- A one-day shoot where I flashed my breasts in a leather bondage outfit, as Chad Everett walks through the scene.

[Michelle Bauer was also in it, seen only as a still-photo of a murdered woman.]

**MAN WHO WASN'T THERE, THE** (1983)

-- A big-budget movie starring Steve Guttenberg as a modern invisible man. In one scene, he accidentally wanders into a girls' locker room -- where you'll glimpse me, Linnea Quigley, and Michelle Bauer as partially clothed extras. I'm also seen taking a shower, and then I happen to drop a shampoo bottle; Steve and I have some dialog as he hands it to me (hoisted up by clear fishing line). We shot it in an empty warehouse in Hollywood, and the pumped-in water was absolutely freezing!

**MOB BOSS** (1990) -- Probably Fred

Olen Ray's biggest budget movie, starring Morgan Fairchild, William Hickey, and Stuart Whitman. (It actually ran on major network weekend

television, hooray!) I played an incompetent hit-woman who badly shot a lot of big guns. After lensing this movie, I went to a shooting range and asked for a chance to fire everything they had -- from a .45 Magnum to an Uzi -- just so I could know how it feels to shoot real bullets. After many trips, I got so good that they now proudly hang a **MOB BOSS** photo of me on their office wall. And I've also got an

official certificate on my wall, saying I've logged enough hours to demonstrate my proficiency at firing and handling an Uzi submachine gun. (Oooh, jump back, baby!)

**MONSTERS & MANIACS** (1988) -- A very entertaining and educational documentary about the history of hor-



"GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE" (1989) -- As an escapee from a mental hospital, I've just murdered the local sheriff (played by Furley Lumpkin).



**MOB BOSS**

ror films (created by Ted Newsom), which I host and narrate. It's a great Halloween tape, and I love the sequence where I'm confronted by a chainsaw-wielding psycho! (By the way, that masked man is Ron Wilson, the sheriff from *ATTACK OF THE B-MOVIE MONSTER*.)

**MUNCHIES** (1992) -- I first met Jim Wynorski after I'd done Roger Corman's *SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE* (he was involved with publicity at that time). Later, Jim hired me as a vampire for *TRANSYLVANIA TWIST* and then called me in for a one-day guest cameo role in **MUNCHIES**. Here, I appear in a rock band (playing bass guitar) at a party-scene, which also features Monique Gabrielle and Fred Olen Ray.

**MURDER WEAPON** (1990) -- Dave De Coteau reprised some footage from his earlier film, *NIGHTMARE SISTERS*, and you will see it on a TV screen in the background.

**NAKED GUN, THE** (1990) --- ultimately, it's barely more than a 2-second cameo -- but it took four whole days to shoot! In the title-credit sequence, you'll see a flashing police-car careening wildly through streets... into living rooms ... and then into a girls' gym. I'm clad in a leotard with a towel around my neck, and I jump aside as the camera dives past me. It was a real treat to work with the wacky director, Jim Abrams, whom I've greatly admired since his *AIRPLANE* films.

**NIGHTMARE SISTERS** (1988) -- After Dave De Coteau worked with myself, Linnea Quigley, and Michelle Bauer on *SORORITY BABES*, he quickly reunited us for this new film about three nerdy sorority girls who transform into killer vamps. When he



*Test photo of me as a blonde. I later appeared like this on the video box cover of "Ladies of the Lotus", even though I wasn't in the film at all.*

called up and said I'd be shooting for four days, I didn't know he intended to complete the entire movie in FOUR DAYS! (I mean, it has to be a new record in Hollywood!) We were so well-rehearsed that most of our scenes together were done in one take. And of course, it does feature the longest improvisational bathtub scene in movie-history! There was lots of laughter and good times on the set, such as whenever Linnea's false buck-teeth would go flying out of her mouth, or the whole cast & crew paraded out a surprise cake for my birthday. Four years later, De Coteau finally sold this film to television. So we had to go back and shoot new "modest" scenes a long time after the original was made. To replace the lengthy bubble bath scenario, for example, we donned nighties and romped together on a big bed with balloons!

**PHANTOM OF THE MALL** (1988) -- I only worked one night at a local shopping mall. You can glimpse me in a dressing room and also on a video monitor. It was the second (of three) times I worked with Morgan Fairchild (first, as a sauna "extra" in *THE SEDUCTION* and later on *MOB BOSS*).

**PLAYBOY VIDEO MAGAZINE**, VOLS. 1,4,5 (1983) -- Volume 1 contains a "Ribald Classic" ("THE CRAFTY LOVER"), where I play a young innocent French maid. We shot it for a week at Hugh Hefner's spectacular mansion, and I loved wearing all the period costumes. Volume 4 features a fantastic music video, composed of many slides from a *PLAYBOY* magazine shoot I did called "Flashdancers". Ironically, I was excluded from the actual pictorial (once again, because Mr. Hefner said my breasts were too small!); however,

some of those pictures ended up in special issues like *PLAYBOY'S* "Wet & Wild Women" and "Blondes, Brunettes, and Redheads". I had brought Linnea Quigley into this project, and we shot some steamy shower photos together, which were highlighted in this rock video. Volume 5 boasts a "Candid Camera" gag on it, where I try to confound guys at a horse corral -- by tossing off my jeans and insisting on riding "bare"-back. It was so stupid in retrospect ... because none of the rangers objected!

**PRIVATE COLLECTION, VOLS. 1 & 2** (1992/1994) -- Straight out of my own hidden vault! These two tapes contain my rarest personal material: clips that were censored out of my movies, behind-the-scenes footage from films and photo shoots, movie trailers, rock videos, TV interviews, and lots of neat stuff fans would normally miss. While most actresses are trying to forget and deny their early "sexy" scenes, I glorify and accumulate it for others to enjoy. [After all, I'm proud of everything I've ever done!]

**PRIVATE SCHOOL** (1983) -- Yet another shower scene from my early days! Watch closely and you'll see how badly it's cut together -- I go from the shower to the locker room ... and then back to the shower again. Phoebe Cates was great to work with, very friendly. She acted like it was her own private party, and she always made sure each person on the set was having a good time. What a sweetheart!

**PSYCHO III** (1986) -- The filmmakers abruptly found out some of Diana Scarwid's scenes had to be reshotted (due to bad lighting) -- and she was no longer available for pick-up shots. The call went out around Hollywood for a 5'3", 100 lb., pale-skinned, slender woman to double for her. My agent

sent me over to Tony Perkins' office at Universal Studios. He chatted with me awhile, asked to see me in a bikini, and then gratefully sighed, "All right, you're perfect!" I worked for a week in a short blonde wig, especially for Diana's bathtub suicide scene. Since Perkins was both the male star and director, it was so amusing to watch him yell "Action!", jump in front of the camera, later shout "Cut", and then mope off asking all of us "How did I do???"

**RED HOT ROCK** (1984) -- A sexy music video collection that contains "Gimme Gimme Good Lovin'" by Helix. We shot two versions, fully clothed and topless (which is seen here). I'm "Miss Utah" in a rock & roll beauty pageant, often seen on the floor to the right of the band. A very young Traci Lords (who was still calling herself Norma) was also in it, long before she made her mark in adult films.

**ROOTS OF EVIL** (1991) -- Director Gary Graver, who lensed many of Fred Olen Ray's movies, invited me to play a horror movie actress in this film (originally titled NAKED FORCE). It was the most disorganized shoot I've ever seen! The movie really makes no sense at all. For example, nobody would let me read a whole script, so I never knew I was supposed to be a killer until the final shooting day. But I did enjoy working with Deanna Lund, who plays my lover and co-conspirator in the murder of her husband. Our last scene in bed together, where she's cradling an Uzi submachine gun, is a real hoot.

**SCREAM QUEEN HOT TUB PARTY** (1991) -- A combined effort from Fred Olen Ray and Jim Wynorski, starring myself, Michelle Bauer, Monique Gabrielle, Kelli

Maroney, and Roxanne Kurnahan. Imagine five pretty girls in a hot tub, talking about things like "how to take a perfect movie shower". Pure exploitation at its finest!

**SHADOWS IN THE CITY** (1991) -- I was visiting a photographer-pal in New York City, and his young assistant asked me to guest-star in a no-budget black-&-white "art" film. I played a gypsy fortune teller named Magda, and I ad libbed a Tarot card reading for the leading man. I still haven't seen this movie yet, and I truthfully didn't think it would ever get distributed (though apparently it's available somewhere now).

**SHOCK CINEMA** (1991) -- A four-part horror documentary series that I co-produced with Dave De Coteau. I also host and narrate it. There may be some future episodes yet to come (in which I promise to be seen on the screen a bit longer!).

**SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY** (1987) -- Although I gave a good audition for this film, I didn't get hired right away. But after their first day of shooting, director Ken Dixon frantically called me back. He said they'd fired the other actress for incompetence, so I reported for work the very next day. It began month-&a-half nightmare of crew turmoil, money problems, grueling all-night shoots, drastically cut-down scenes of mine, and uncooperative cast members. For such a low-budget film, however, it really looks visually stunning and quite remarkable.

**SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE** (1982) -- I was offered -- and regrettably had to turn down -- a major starring role, due to scheduling conflicts. But I did work three days as a teenage victim of a driller-killer. Dur-



Candid shot from "Slave Girls." Enjoying my capture a little too much, perhaps? (with Don Scribner as "Zed").

ing my scenes, look closely at the gym's background walls... and you'll spot two deliberate visual gags: flyers stating "Join the Drill Team!" and "Emergency Drill Instructions". My fake blood consisted of red food coloring and sticky-sweet Karo syrup, making me an all-time favorite of flying insects during our outdoor lunch breaks.

**SOLE SURVIVOR** (1982) — A fairly decent horror flick about a woman who's the sole survivor of an airplane crash, and then mysterious zombies begin stalking her. They needed an over-21 actress to play a 16-year-old, since there's beer bottles and strip poker in one teen-party scene. The producer first saw me in my agent's office, when I happened to drop off some new photos. I evidently made a very favorable impression, since I was hired on the spot. As trivia, their cameraman Thom Eberhardt later directed bigger-budget **NIGHT OF THE COMET** (starring Kelli Maroney, whom I absolutely adored in that film -- and I finally got to meet her on **SCREAM QUEEN HOT TUB PARTY**).

**SORORITY BABES IN THE SLIMEBALL BOWL-A-RAMA** (1987) — Linnes Quigley recommended me and Michelle Bauer for this film, originally titled **THE IMP**. We spent 1-1/2 months working together near San Diego, CA. (Michelle and I shared a hotel room, which was lots of fun. She always had a well-stocked beer cooler!) Since the budget was too low to rent a bowling alley during peak daytime hours, we had to wait till it closed at 9 pm, then shoot all night until 9 am. It was a very rough schedule (imagine eating breakfast at 4 pm every day!), and I was badly injured when I dislocated my knee in a shopping mall fight-scene. Linnea got

badly battered, too, when her larger fighting partner frequently drank too much vodka and lost her restraint. Despite the many hardships, however, there was good camaraderie and fond memories for our trio.

**SPIRITS** (1991) Sort of a cinematic blend of **LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE** and **THE HAUNTING**. I play a "Pamela Franklin"-type psychic, who joins a scientific team to investigate a haunted house. I loved wearing my own unusual clothes and jewelry, doing Tarot card readings, and acting "healy-feely" spiritual (right before I get possessed and try to brutally murder my coworkers!). I also dubbed many of the background spirit-voices and evil laughter, such as during Eric Estrada's church scenes.

**TEENAGE EXORCIST** (1991) — Fred Olen Ray called up and asked me to be in this movie. Several months went by, and he never got back to me about shooting it. Later, he admitted he didn't even have a screenplay yet. I offered to write it for him, just so I could get that acting work. Once done, Fred ultimately sold my script to another company — who felt I wasn't quite right for the role I'd deliberately written for myself! After much convincing, I was finally cast in it. The title role was originally written for a teenage blonde girl ... but in a weird bit of casting, Eddie Deezen was given the part.

**TERMINAL VELOCITY** (1982) — If you ever find this film on video, please send me a copy! As far as I know, it was never released. I played a woman who was kidnapped and later shot in the desert. It was directed by Stephen Mitchell.

**THIS IS SPINAL TAP** (1983) — I worked a week and had lots of dialog,

playing Harry Shears' girlfriend. However, you'll only glimpse me for a few seconds in the final movie. Since they had shot over 50 hours of footage, most of my scenes were lost.

**THREE AMIGOS** (1986) — There's a

black-&-white movie shown on a theater screen in this film, and I'm a Mexican villager in that one. Mainly, I'm grabbed by one of the outlaws, who holds a gun to my head. We shot for three days at universal Studios back lot. Director John Landis finally got fed up with the tour buses passing by every fifteen minutes. Suddenly, he jumped on a horse and started chasing a bus, shooting blanks at the startled tourists. (He's as crazy as everyone says he is.)

**TRANSYLVANIA TWIST** (1990) — Director Jim Wynorski asked me to play a vampsire, and he suggested I should wear my Evila costume and use my own car ('56 T-bird). So you'll see me necking in a graveyard scene

(actually the parking lot at Corman's studio) and throwing up after drinking holy water. (It was really Karo syrup and green food coloring!)

**WARLORDS** (1988) — The first time I ever worked with Fred Olen Ray. I

play David Carradine's kidnapped wife, and he spends almost the whole movie looking for me. There's a scene where I'm topless and chained on a cross. Fred thought about a similar scene in **SLAVE GIRLS** and asked, "What is it with you? Do you ask for these parts?"

**WITCHING, THE** (1983) — Years ago, I was hired as an extra for a party scene. I never even knew the title of that movie. Recently, Craig Hosoda ("BARE FACTS VIDEO GUIDE") asked me about a film I did with Orson Wells called "THE WITCHING", and I was totally mystified. Turns out it my party scenes were added to a 1971 film titled **NECROMANCY**, and it was re-released under this new title.



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*Above: Visiting former-President Ronald Reagan (1992). I asked him if he'd like to appear in an upcoming film I'm producing. He laughed and said, "But people might think I only got the part because I was once the President!"*

*Next page: Publicity photo with Linnea Quigley for "The Skirts",  
an all-girl rock-n-roll band (1984).*





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